

POTOSI JOURNAL

POTOSI, MO., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1922

Volume 29, No. 19

Democrats and High Taxes

The voters of Missouri will soon center their attention upon the fifty-second General Assembly in which the Democrats will predominate, therefore it will be up to them to make good their many promises made during the recent campaign, the most prominent being the reduction of taxes. They claimed the tax levy, for which they say Governor Hyde was responsible, is unnecessarily high. However, their speakers did not go into specific detail, giving facts and figures, which really show that the Hyde administration had reduced state taxes by a huge sum and that where there has been a tax increase the responsibility must rest with the county court and local school boards. The Democratic speakers said that the Republicans ought to be turned out of office on account of this tax burden.

Every taxpayer who believes what the Democrats said about taxes should immediately demand a reduction in his taxes. The calamity howlers made it plain that they were positively averse to complying with the state constitution, which provides for full assessment, and which Governor Hyde and the State Board of Equalization put into operation for the first time in the history of Missouri. The real facts are that the Republican administration passed some of the most progressive laws that have been proposed in half a century. A greater effort was made to improve the rural schools of this state and to give farmer's children an equal chance with the children of the cities and towns than has been made since this state was admitted to the Union over one hundred years ago, and yet practically all this effort was set at naught by Democratic politicians.

The new Democratic members of the next legislature will be required to show to their constituents whether it will be necessary for them to merely block the constructive legislative program of the Republican administration, as many of them have already intimated, or lend their aid in furthering the best interests of the people.

Now that the election is over the Democrats have little to say about the "robber tariff." They are satisfied to go ahead and share in the prosperity under its beneficent influences.

Governor Hyde has again made his position clear in regard to law enforcement. He is strictly for it and will cooperate fully with the federal government in bringing the prohibition law violators to book.

That our Republican state officials are not acting up to the standards of their Democratic predecessors must be admitted. Several of the Republican officials are turning back into the state treasury large unexpended balances from the appropriations allowed their departments for expenses during the past two years. Had they lived up to Democratic standards of conduct they would have made the expenses match the appropriation and put a little deficit on top of it to make the performance shine with true "economy."

The railroads may have beaten the striking shompen, but it is evident from their ads in the "want" columns of the daily papers that they are a long way from having men enough to man the shops adequately.

The cheerful crack of the pistol continues to ring out throughout the land, and with every crack another soul wings its way to kindergarten. A gun toter is as dangerous to society that he should be held in confinement for life.

Europe has for ages had devastating wars and recovered from them when it got ready to recover. The attitude of governments over there that they cannot regain a stable peace footing from their late struggle without aid from the United States is nothing more than a concerted and well defined policy to break up the political isolation of the United States and enmesh us forevermore in the relentless peace disturbing political methods of the old world. England and France want our aid only for their own selfish ends. Each of these countries individually, could they bind the United States to their interests in a way that they could control our actions, would play us against one another to promote ambitions of world rule. Outside of the object we gained in eliminating the threat of danger to ourselves from a victory over Germany in the late war, we must now begin to look upon our participation in that affair as a most stupendous mistake unless we take up our old time courage again and laying it down decisively and absolutely that will not participate further in European political affairs.

GIANT TREE ON LONG ISLAND

Experts Say Sycamore Is Nearly Four Hundred Years Old and Good for Century More.

"Old Sycamore," the giant on the place of James Hill at Wheatley, L. I., which recently won the "biggest tree on Long Island" contest conducted by Norman Taylor of Brooklyn Botanic gardens, was born only 37 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, in 1492. It was eighty years old when Hendrick Hudson first saw Long Island—in 1609.

This is the opinion of Mr. Taylor and other experts who have examined the giant sycamore, the New York world states. Its age is estimated between 300 and 400 years, more likely the latter, it is said. The trunk near the ground is 24 feet in circumference and some of the limbs, half way up even, are larger than the trunks of many trees which claim to be patriarchs.

The height of "Old Sycamore" has not been ascertained, but it towers over the landscape in lordly fashion. Mr. Hill says that 90 years ago the place was used by the county butcher as his home. His beef, when slaughtered, was hung on chains from "Old Sycamore's" limbs. One of the chains was there when Mr. Hill bought the place.

During the past 100 or 120 years, after the forest was cut away, soil from neighboring hills was washed down and filled around the tree to a depth of 15 feet. This was verified six years ago, Mr. Hill says, when a tree expert gave "Old Sycamore" the first doctoring of its life.

The tree is said to be in splendid condition and good for a century or so more.

FOLLOWED SEA FIFTY YEARS

Retired Commander Has Many Stories of Adventure Accumulated During Half Century on Ocean.

Capt. J. W. Christie, formerly commander of the White Star Dominion liner Canada, has retired after sailing the seas for 51 years.

Captain Christie first went to sea when only ten years old and during the next half century participated in many interesting experiences.

THE BALCONY GIRL

By MOLLIE MATHER

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Stacy snapped out the light in his lonely hotel room and took the elevator downstairs. As he passed through the great hall he heard music coming from the direction of the balcony dining room and knew, that usual, the evening guests were dancing.

Presently a low ejaculation attracted his attention. He had not noticed, in his absorbed entrance, a young woman already seated far back in the small balcony. Now, with her low exclamation, she drew back the rose-colored curtains and stood preparatory to depart.

The young woman reached for her soft, boyish hat and was slipping into her long, gray coat. She gathered, somewhat confusedly, a number of written pages from the chair, which she evidently had recently occupied. Stacy arose detestingly. "Please," he said, "do not allow me to drive you away from your corner. I can find another secluded spot."

"It is necessary that I remain here for a time," she said. "Perhaps, if you, too, are comfortable in the balcony neither need disturb the other." "Thank you," Stacy agreed. The young woman left the rose curtains slightly open. "The light does not disturb you?" she asked. "I, too, look down into the dancing hall occasionally."

"Not at all," Stacy pleasantly assured her.

When she caught his gaze once or twice the girl smiled, uncertainly.

At last Stacy turned in his chair. "You must forgive my speaking," he said, "I cannot help but be interested in your strange choice of writing room—the music—the dancer's whirling. Is it not all distracting?—And now, my interrupting. But I'm infernally lonely. Do you know what that means? To be absolutely away from every one you know, in a big, cold hotel. Why?" Stacy laughed. "It has been a sort of comfort to sit beside you here while you worked. Human companionship, even if given unconsciously. Now, I suppose you will run away."

"I do know what it means to be among strangers in a big city," she answered gravely, "and I wish that I might be more companionable. But I must write. At the stroke of twelve I leave," she said.

Twelve sounded sooner than either anticipated. Promptly Stacy's companion arose. "Good night," she said. He thought of her a great deal on the following day. Why had she been there among all those beautifully garbed women in her plain white colored frock? Why had she kept hidden in the interior of an observation balcony, busy with penitence?

"A society reporter; that's the solution," he told himself.

But when James F. Barney decided that the conference must wait another day Stacy decided again to spend his solitary evening watching the dancers from the balcony. He had formed, during the day, an acquaintance with the hotel manager, Mr. Holcomb, who escorted his guest gently to the balcony steps.

"Expect some excitement here this evening," he confided. "Our detectives are after a jewel thief—been entering our rich patrons' rooms."

Stacy was unconsciously perturbed. Uncomfortably he took his seat in the tiny gallery and looked quickly toward the interior. The girl was there. But this time she was sewing. Sewing in a gay place of amusement. The society reporter theory vanished. The girl returned his gaze bow and continued her task. But on this occasion she appeared not so composed. Her anxious interest in the affair below was plainly discernible. From time to time she parted the curtains nervously to look down on the dancers. Then, at a slight crowding in a certain part of the hall, the girl watched a hat and cloak from the chair near by, and in a moment was down the stairs and almost lost in the throng. Almost—Stacy caught up with her as she was joined by a vision of a girl in room attire. Together the three reached the street. Then Stacy spoke.

"I thought from your mad haste," he said, quietly, "that you must be in trouble. Can I be of help to you?" "If you would," the balcony girl breathlessly requested, "tell a taxi. We are lodging in Warden street."

Wondering still, Stacy obeyed. "We were eager to get away, my sister and I," she explained, "because Mr. Holcomb thought there might be a disturbance on the floor, because of the arrest of some jewel thief. Mr. Holcomb is an old friend of our family. He came from our village. He invited Daphne and me to stop at the hotel, but we preferred to stay where we could afford to pay our way. He has been kind in asking Daphne to Lyndhurst and has been saving some time for our outing. I am just our housekeeper, but she would have with her. Good night, and thank you."

"I, too," said Stacy hastily, "am a friend of Mr. Holcomb's."

The taxi went on its way. Stacy caught at once the hotel manager.

"I have been," he told him, "meeting two young friends of yours to a taxi. Could you make it possible for me to meet her formally?" Mr. Holcomb smiled. "I guess you mean Daphne. I will see that you meet her."

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HER HUSBAND

By MOLLIE MATHER

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The long white hall of the hospital ended at a small stone balcony. Carol, reaching this balcony, stepped out a moment to consult her card of direction. "Room No. 210," Marilyn had written, and 210 was assuredly the last in the long line and the windows of 210 looked out on this very balcony. Carol glanced within. Yes, that would be Marilyn's wounded husband, stretched so pitifully on the narrow bed. She sat down on a balcony chair to read again the appeal which had brought her to the hospital.

"Poor Jimmie," she Marilyn wrote, "I was not his fault that he was smashed in that awful automobile accident. A wild party ran into his car last Saturday when Jimmy was driving at a safe speed. He was picked up unconscious and hurried to the hospital. Both other members of his car were also injured, but Jimmie the worst of all. And there he is, away in your city, Carol, dear, while I am laid up with sickness here in our home. It will be some time before I may be able to go to the lonely boy. So this is what I ask of you, dear old faithful friend of mine—will you look after him a bit? Stop in at the hospital when you can and encourage and cheer him in your own sunny way. It will mean lots to me. And when we are both better you just must leave your overhanging study long enough to come and pay us a visit. Jim, when himself, is the dearest self you ever knew. I suppose you are slowly recovering from the surprise of my unexpected marriage, when I write to you again. But now remember, I depend on you, and I am ever yours, in loving, grateful debt."

MARILYN OLIVER.

Carol smiled as she replaced the letter in its heavily sealed envelope. Wasn't that like Marilyn—exactingly still, her loyalty? And she had been a little friend to the pretty, gay little companion of college days.

Marilyn had been loyal, too, in allegiance. Marilyn had never known what it was to be helpful. But she had been lovely. Carol was not surprised, not as much surprised as Marilyn expected her to be over the fact of the hasty marriage. Marilyn had met James Oliver during a visit to an aunt and had married him before her return. And this was to be Carol's first introduction to her friend's husband.

Well, she decided as she arose to enter room 210 she would do her best to cheer and alleviate. As she stood hesitant in the white doorway she noticed on the dresser a large photograph of Marilyn. Carol, assured, entered the silent room. The man on the bed turned slowly his dark eyes toward her. It appeared that the bound body could not be turned. She saw that both patiently crossed arms were bandaged too, and she tried to smile, to hide the quick sympathy that threatened tears.

"How do you do?" asked Carol in her brightest manner. "Marilyn sent me to see you. I used to be Marilyn's roommate at school. We are the best of friends. Have you heard her mention Carol Moore?"

The dark eyes of the patient showed a gleam of interest. "I have heard her speak of you," he said—"often. It is good of you to come."

As the days passed Carol was astonished to see how much these hospital visits did help—not only her patient, but her whole scheme of life. Her first thought on rising each morning was the anticipation of the good cheer she might carry to a lonely man, lying bound, motionless, in a narrow hospital bed. And strange it was how that cheer reacted upon herself.

She went slugging about her tasks. She thought over the clever sayings of Marilyn's husband; recalled, with a little happy thrill, the eager welcoming glance of his dark eyes; their evident regret at her departure.

Coldly determined, Carol went next day to pay her visit of farewell. Her heart pounded in an uneasy manner as her late charge approached, dressed ready for his departure.

"Dearest," he said quietly, "when are you going to make me happy—as you have made me well. Do you not intend to perfect the work I look at me; tell me, oh my dear. Marilyn will be glad," he went on ignoring her silence. "That little matchmaker has been trying to marry me off since I was introduced to her as her bachelor brother-in-law. I am not sure that she did not think this thing out when she sent you down here to visit Jim. Fortunately, my brother was not so badly injured in our accident as I; he was permitted to go home after the first few days and I moved into his room because I liked the balcony view."

Carol leaned forward, tensely; she asked her question.

"You are not James Oliver?" "I, the smiling man replied, "am Jack Oliver, Jim's brother."

"It is so good to know," Carol said after a happy silence, "that I am not in love with a married man."

"You will be," the recovered patient replied, "as soon as our marriage can be accomplished."

Staying Together.

"What! Jim a second-story man? Why, I've always believed in him."

ISLAND MADE PLEASURE SPOT

Juan Fernandez, Made Celebrated by Daniel Defoe, Turned into Attraction for Tourists.

A holiday on Robinson Crusoe's island will be possible in the near future.

The charming little island of Juan Fernandez, where Alexander Selkirk spent four years of his life, and whose story led Defoe to write his famous masterpiece, is to be transformed into a holiday resort.

It belongs to the Chilean government and can be reached by steamer from Valparaiso. The island is thirty-six square miles in extent, and is heavily wooded with splendid tree ferns, orange trees, myrtles, and sandal wood. It is mountainous, and full of ravines and torrents. Crowds of wild goats roam through the underwood, and myriads of humming birds chat among the ferns. The climate is said to be ideal.

At Cumberland bay, where Selkirk landed, is the island's only hamlet, San Juan Baptista. A modern hotel is to be erected here, and a bi-weekly steamboat service is to be run.

Naturally, the great curiosities of the island are the places where Robinson Crusoe, according to the story, passed the best part of his life. First, there is the grotto where he made his dwelling; it is carpeted with ferns and climbing plants. All around it grows the pologony, a curious plant, from whose gigantic leaves he made his crockery—plates, dishes, soup tureens, and even washing basins and tanks. There is the little bay in which he used to moor his boat, and the plateau on which he built his cabin.

ALLIGATOR A GOOD MOTHER

Takes Care of Young in Much the Same Manner as Does the Hen of the Barnyard.

The female alligator lays a great number of eggs with hard shells, which in size and general appearance resemble hens' eggs. And she lays them in a nest built in a curious manner.

Along the bank of a stream is spread a layer of mud and grass, or leaves, and on this is placed a layer of eggs, then another layer of mud and grass about seven or eight inches in thickness, then another layer of eggs carefully covered, and so on, until often thirty or more eggs are deposited.

Although the eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun, and the decaying vegetable matter, the mother alligator watches the nest carefully. As soon as the young, which are helpless little creatures about eight inches long, are hatched, she leads them to the water and takes care of them as a hen does her brood of chickens, until they are strong enough to defend themselves.

Antelope to Be Cared For.

The antelope, noted for its coloring, delicate proportions and supple movements, is threatened with extinction unless some measures are taken at once to give it some protection. There are said to be 3,000 in the United States, and 350 of these are in the Yellowstone park. In 1908 there were 2,000 in the park alone.

Antelope is the name of the animal in the Yellowstone park, which has done so much for the buffalo. The winter range for the antelope alone and it is necessary to share it with other animals. It is proposed to enlarge this winter range and also to provide similar ranges in California, Oregon, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming and Idaho, and also to withdraw from public use certain parts of the Yellowstone where the animals congregate.

The antelope herd in this country suffered last year from exposure and from the depredations of predatory animals.

And He Didn't Mean That, Exactly.

It was a concert in connection with the Sunday school anniversary, and when Freddy was called upon to give his recitation his nerve failed completely. Standing trembling before the sympathetic audience, he seemed as if he could not make a start.

Persuasion was tried, but in vain. He broke into sobs and finally was sent back to his seat.

The officiating minister seized the opportunity to pour out consolation and also give encouragement for the good of the boy.

"Well, friends," he remarked, "it is not a very nice thing to stand here and look at all your faces."

Then he wondered why the audience smiled.

Could Not Find "Mary."

A Sunday evening recently, shortly after 8 o'clock, a young man stopped at a home in West Forty-second street, and asked whether any one could tell him where "Mary" lived. He said he did not know her name, but that his sister had introduced him to Mary, and he had taken her home in West Forty-second street. He was told that no "Mary" lived in the blocks bounded by Conner avenue and the Northwest corner bridge. He walked away toward the east with a box of candy under his arm.—Indianapolis News.

Woman Preacher in English Town.

The little English town of Spenningsdale is thoroughly up to date, for it has a woman as sole minister of its Congregational church. She is Miss Nora Thompson, who has made a name for herself as an excellent preacher. She has officiated at marriages, baptisms and funerals, and is fully qualified for every duty.

Mo. Historical Society

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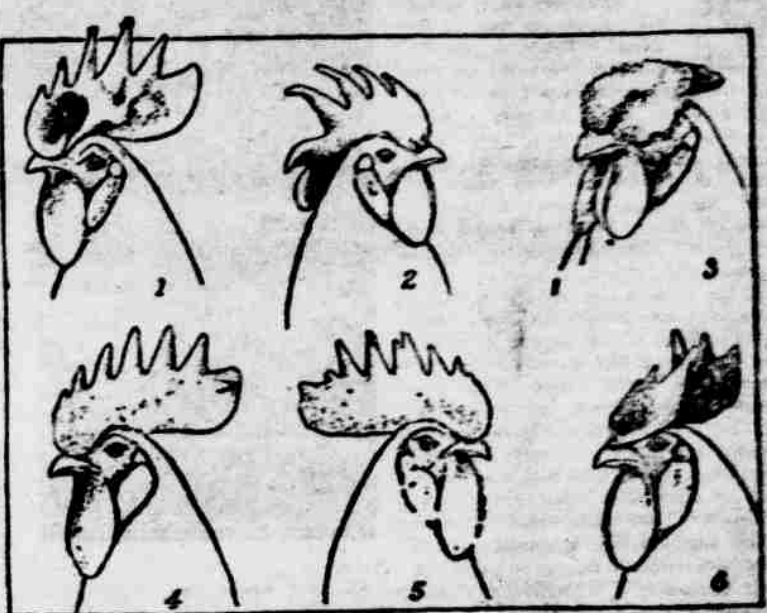
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BREEDING FLOCK DOES BEST IF PERMITTED FREE RUN OF RANGE



Heads of Cockerels and Cocks Showing Defective Combs. Defects of These Kinds Should Be Guarded Against in Selecting Breeders. 1, Thumb Mark; 2, Blade of Comb Following Neck Too Closely and Points Showing Tendency to Lap; 3, Comb Showing Hollow Center; 4, Side Sprig; 5, Uneven Serrations and Double Point; 6, Twisted Comb.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If cockerels or pullets are used in the breeding flock they should be well mated, poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture advise. Hens are better than pullets. They lay larger eggs, which produce stronger chicks. Yearling and two-year-old hens are better than older ones. Pullets used as breeders should be mated with a cock rather than with a cockerel. If a cockerel is used he should be mated with hens rather than with pullets. As a rule, well-matured cockerels will give better fertility than cocks.

Free Range for Breeding Pen.

When possible free range should be provided for the breeding stock. It is better to provide it during the entire fall and winter before the breeding season, but, if this is not possible, free range just preceding and during the breeding season will be of great value. Birds of free range will get more exercise and, therefore, will be in better health and will give higher fertility, better hatches, and stronger chicks.

Feeding Breeding Stock.

The breeders must be fed so as to keep them in such condition that they will produce eggs. Any good laying ration is suitable for this purpose. Beef scrap should not run above 10 or 15 per cent of the total ration. The birds should be kept in good flesh, but should not be allowed to become excessively fat. All whole or cracked grain should be fed in litter. This forces the fowls to exercise by scratching for it. As a supply of green feed is usually lacking late in the winter or early in the spring, sprouted oats, cabbage mangels, or cut clover or alfalfa should be fed.

Supervision to make sure that the fowls keep in good breeding condition. The birds and the houses should be examined often to see that they are not infested with lice or mites. Either of these pests in any numbers will seriously affect or totally destroy fertility. Care must be exercised also to see that the male does not frost his comb or wattles. If these are frosted his ability to fertilize eggs will be impaired.

SHOW AUTHORITY WITH WHIP

Bridegrooms in Certain Parts of Africa Assert Their Mastery in No Uncertain Manner.

On the day of a marriage in Zululand the girl issues from her father's house surrounded by throngs of women, dancing, singing and making a great deal of noise. She is taken to the bridegroom's hut, where he awaits her. As she passes in through the low doorway he gives her two or three sharp cuts with a rhinoceros hide lash, to intimate that he intends to be master.

She then has to attend to the various guests who come with gifts for the newly married couple; but she is not allowed to speak to them; neither does her husband address her. All his commands, given by signs, have to be obeyed promptly, and should the girl be slow or not understand the meaning of his gestures, she is instantly slapped with a sharp lash from the back. It is a point of honor that she utters no sound, however hard she is lashed.

The husbands of a certain section of Zululand tie a rope round the bride's wrists on the first evening of marriage, and attach the end of the rope to a branch, tightening it so that the girl's toes only just touch the ground; they then proceed to administer a sound flogging. But the girl never utters a cry; and, as soon as the husband has administered a good hard flogging he takes her down, washes and anoints her wounds, and looks after her tenderly until the cuts heal and the stiffness passes.

Preparations are simple: First put pebbles in a dish of water, keeping the water slightly below the tips of the stones. A few small bits of charcoal will aid in keeping the water sweet. Place the balls on the pebbles and set them in a cool, dark, well ventilated place until the roots get a good start and the leaf stalks are about an inch high. Then bring to the light and pinch the roots carefully as with trench grass plants.

Diplomacy.

"Where did you first meet Mr. Wadsworth?"

"I met him at the club."

"And how did you like him?"

"I liked him very much. He is a very nice fellow."

"I am glad to hear that. He is a very nice fellow."